

THE
TEMPLE
OF
LOVE.

1073. L 6
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A Masque.

Presented by the QUEENES Ma-
jesty, and her Ladies, at *White-hall* on
Shrove-Tuesday, 1634.

By *Inigo Jones*, Surveyor of his Ma^{ties}. Workes,
and *William Davenant*, her Ma^{ties}. Servant.

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Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his
Shop neare *White-hall*. 1634.

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The Argument.

Divine Poetic (the Secretary of Nature) is sent by Fate to Indamora, *Queen of Nar-singa*, to signifie the time prefix'd was come, when by the influence of her beauty (attended with those lesser lights, her Contributory Ladies) the Temple of Chast Love should be re-established in this Island; which Temple being long sought for by certaine Magicians (enemies to chast Love) intending to use it to their intemperate ends, was by Divine Poetic hid- den in mists and clouds; so as the Magicians being frustrate of their hopes, sought by enchantments to binder all others from finding it; and by this imposture many Noble Knights and Ladies had been tempted and mis-led. The fame of this Temple of Love being quickly spread over all the Easterne world, enflamed a company of noble Persian youths, borderers on India to travell in quest of it; who arriving, were by the illusions of the Magicians, and their spirits of severall Regions, almost seduced, as others had beene: But Divine Poetic appearing, discover'd unto them some part of the Temple unshadow'd, and prophecied

The Argument.

of the time when Indamora and her traine should arrive to effect this miracle; which though it seemes somewhat hard Doctrine to most young men, yet these being spirits of the highest ranke, forsaking the false Magicians and their allurements, were resolved to entertaine themselves to contemplate on this Apparition untill the comming of the glorious Indian Queen. At whose sight they being inspir'd with chaste flames might be permitted by their faithfull observance and legitimate affections to enter and enjoy the privileges of that sacred Temple. Then Divine Poetic sends Orpheus her chiefe Priest in a Barque (assisted by the Brachmant and Priests of the Temple, who meet him on the shores) to calme the Seas with his Harpe, that a maritime Chariot prepared by the Indian Seagods, might safer, and more swiftly convey them to atchieve this Noble adventure; after whose landing having paid their Ceremonies by moving in harmonick and numerous figures, Sunesis and Thelema (which intimate the understanding and the will) joyning together, the true Temple appeares, and Chast Love descends to invoke the last and living Heroe (Indamora's royall Lover) that hee may helpe and witnesse the Consecration of it.

The

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

AT the lower end of the Banqueting-house, opposite to the State, was a Stage of six foot high, and on that was raised an Ornament of a new Invention agreeable to the Subject; consisting of Indian Trophies: on the one side upon a basement late a naked Indian on a whitish Elephant, his legges shortning towards the necke of the beast, his tire and bases of severall coloured feathers, representing the Indian Monarchy: On the other side an Asiaticque in the habit of an Indian borderer, riding on a Camell; his Turbant and Coat differing from that of the Turkes, figured for the Asian Monarchy: over these hung sheild like Compartiments: In that over the Indian was painted a Sunne rising, and in the other an halfe Moone; these had for finishing the Capitall of a great pillaster, which served as a ground to sticke them of, and bore up a large freeze or border with a Coronic. In this over the Indian lay the figure of an old man, with a long white haire and beard, representing the flood *Tigris*; on his head a wreath of Canes and Seage, and leaning upon a great Urne, out of which runne water, by him in an extravagant posture stood a Tyger.

At the other end of this freeze lay another naked man, representing *Meander*, the famous River of Asia, who likewise had a great silver urne, and by him lay an Vnicorne.

In the midst of this border was fixed a rich Comparti-

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ment, behind which was a crimson Drapery part of it borne up by naked Children tack'd up in severall pleats, and the rest was at each end of the Freeze tyed with a great knot, and from thence hung downe in foulds to the bottome of the pedestalls: In the midst of this Compartment in an Ovall was written *TEMPLVM AMORIS*: all these figures were in their naturall colours bigger than the life, and the Compartiments of Gold.

A Curtaine flying up the first Sceane was discover'd, in which appeared a spacious grove of shady trees; and a farre off on a mount with a winding way to the top was seated a pleasant bower environed with young trees, and in the lower part walkes planted with Cypressse, representing the place where the Soules of the Ancient Poets are fained to reside: the delight of this prospect was quickly diverted to the sight of a more strange apparition; for, out of the heaven by little and little broke foorth a great Cloud of a Rosie Colour, which being come downe some little way beganne to open, and in it was seene sitting a beautifull woman; her garment was Sky-colour set all with Starres of gold, her head was crowned with Laurell, with a spangled vaile hanging downe behind, and her haire in artificiall curles graciously dress'd, representing *Divine Poesie*, and by her a milke white Swanne, as she descends singing out of those venerable shades came forth a company of ancient Greeke Poets, as *Demodocus*, *Fæmius*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Terpander*, and *Sapho* a Poetesse in habits varied and of severall colours, with laurell wreaths on their heads. *Divine Poesie* sung this:

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Divine Poetic.

(1.)
As chearefull as the Mornings light,
Comes Indamora from above,
To guide those Lovers that want sight,
To see and know what they should love.

(2.)
Her beames into each breast will steale,
And search what ev'ry Heart doth meane,
The sadly wounded shee will heale,
And make the fouly tainted cleane.

(3.)
Rise you, from your darke shades below,
That first giv'd words an harmony,
And made false Love in Numbers flow,
Till vice became a mysterie.

(4.)
And when I've purifi'd that Ayre
To which Death turn'd you long agoe,
Helpe with your voyces to declare
What Indamora comes to show.

The Poets.

Soule of our Science! how inspir'd we come?
By thee restor'd to wayes that lay darke,
And lost in many a forgotten Tonne.

D. Poetic.

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D. Poetic.

*'Tare spirits all ; and have so long
From flesh, and frailty absent bin,
That sure though Love should fill your song,
It could not relish now of sinne.*

The Poets.

*Vex not our sad remembrance with our shame!
We have bin punish'd for ill-gotten fame,
For each loose verse, tormented with a flame.*

D. Poetic.

*Descend then, and become with me,
The happy Organs to make knowne
In an harmonious Embassie,
Our great affaire to yonder Throne.*

Shee being descended to the ground in a Majesticke
pace, goes up to the State, attended by the fore-named
Poets ; and the Cloud that brought her downe, closeth
as it ascends.

D. Poetic.

*Thou Monarch of mens hearts rejoyce!
So much thou art belov'd in heaven,
That Fate hath made thy reigne her choyce,
In which Love's blessings shall be given.*

The Poets.

*Truth shall appeare, and rule 'till she resists
Those subtle charmes, and melts those darker mists,
In which Love's Temple's hid from Exorcists.*

D. Poetic.

The Temple of Love.

(Whom forsooth *Divine Poesie* they stile)
This morne proclaim'd it from a falling Cloud.

(2.) Who? *Divine Poesie*?

(3.) I know her well.

Shee's one that makes the holy Jigges,
And sacred Catches for the gods, when they
Are merry with mis-takes of men, and laugh
To see us carelesse of their punishment.

(1.) But who shall bring this mischief to our Art?

(3.) *Indamora*, the delight of Destiny!

Shee, and the beauties of her Traine: who sure
Though they discover Summer in their lookes,
Still carry frozen Winter in their blood.
They raise strange doctrines, and new sects of Love:
Which must not wooe or court the Person, but
The Mind; and practise generation not
Of Bodies but of Soules.

(2.) Belceve me, my Magicall friends,
They must bring bodies with 'em that worship
In our pleasant Temple: I have an odde
Fantasticke faith perswades me there will be
Little pastime upon earth without Bodies.
Your Spirit's a cold Companion at midnight.

(1.) Have we so long misse-led and entertain'd
The youthfull of the world, (I meane their bodies)
And now doe they betake themselves unto
The dull imaginary pleasures of
Their soules? This humor cannot last.

(2.) If it should, we may rid our Temple
Of all our Persian Quilts, imbroyder'd Couches,
And our standing Beds; these (I take it) are
Bodily implements; our soules need 'em not.

The Temple of Love.

But where shall this new Sect be planted first ?

(3.) In a dull Northerne Ile, they call Britaine.

(2.) Indeed 'tis a cold Northerly opinion;

And I'll lay my life be got since their late

Great Frosts, It will be long enough e're it

Shall spread, and prosper in the South ! Or if

The Spaniard or Italian ever be

Perfwaded out of the use of their bodies,

I'll give mine to a Raven for his Supper.

(3.) The Miracle is more increas'd, in that

It first takes birth and nourishment in Court.

(2.) But my good damn'd friend tell me, Is there not

One Courtier will resent the cause, and give

Some countenance to the affaires of the body ?

(3.) Certain yong Lords at first disliked the Phylosophy

As most uncomfortable, sad, and new ;

But soone inclin'd to a superior vote,

And are growne as good Platonicall Lovers

As are to be found in an Hermitage, where he

That was borne last, reckons above fourescore.

To the come foorth in hast another Magician, in
shape and habit differing from the other, and spake as
followeth.

(1.) Here comes a brother of our mysticke Tribe !

(3.) He knowes th'occasion of our grieve, and by
His hast imports discoveries more strange !

(4.) Newes! newes! my sad companions of the shade!

There's lately landed on our fatall shore

Nine Persian youths, their habit and their looks

So smooth, that from the pleasures i'th Elisian fields

Each female ghost will come, and enter in

Their flesh againe, to make embraces warme.

(2.) I

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(2.) I hope these are no Platonick Lovers,
No such Carthusian Poets as doe write
Madrigals to the mind? more of thy newes!

(4.) The rest inferres small joy, and little hope:
For though at first their youth and eager thoughts
Directed them where our gay Altar stood,
And they were ready too for sacrifice,
I cannot tell what lucklesse light inform'd
Their eyes, but Loves true Temple straight they spy'd
Through the ascending mists, and would have enter'd it
To read grave frosty Homilies,
And Anticke lawes of Chastitie, but that
(As my swift Spirit brought me word) a voyce
Sent from within bad them with reverence
Desist till *Indamora* did appeare, for then
The gates would open, and the mists dry up
That thus conceal'd it from the generall view,
Which now their expectation dorth attend.

(3.) 'Tis time to wake our drowfie Art, and try
If we have power to hinder Destinie.
Mount! mount! our charmes! fetch me, whilst you aspire,
A Spirit of the Element of fire!

(2.) Me one of Ayre! (1.) The water me supplies!

(4.) Mine from the center of the earth shall rise!

(3.) These shall infuse their sev'ral qualities
In men; if nott uphold the faction of
The flesh, yet to infect the queasie age
With blacker finnes: If we (now we have joyn'd
The force of all the Elements t'assist
The horror of our will) shall not prevaile
Against this hum'rous vertue of the Time,
Nature, our weaknesse must be thought thy crime.

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(2.) To these I'll adde a sect of moderne Divels;
Fine precise Fiends, that heare the devout close
At ev'ry vertue but their owne, that claime
Chambers and Tenements in heaven, as they
Had purchas'd there, and all the Angels were
Their harbingers. With these I'll vex the world.

(3.) 'Tis well design'd! Thanks to thy courteous Art!
Let's murmur softly in each others eare,
And those we first invok'd, will straight appeare!
Enough! they come! to th woods let's take our flight,
We have more dismall businesse yet e're night.

The Antimasque of the Spirits.

1. Entry.

The fiery Spirits all in flames, and their vizards of a
Cholericke Complexion.

The Airy Spirits with sanguine vizards, their gar-
ments and Caps all of feathers.

The Watery Spirits were all over wrought with
scales, and had fishes heads and finnes.

The Earthy Spirits had their garments wrought all
over with leavellesse trees and bushes, with Serpents and
other little Animals here and there about them, and on
their heads barren rocks.

2. Entry.

Brought in by the fiery Spirits, were debosh'd and
quarrelling men with a loose Wench amongst them.

3. and

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3. and 4. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Ayre, were of amorous men and women in ridiculous habits and Alchimists.

5. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Water, were drunken Dutch skippers.

6. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Earth, were Witches, Vsurers, and Fooles.

7. Entry.

Was of a Moderne Divell, a sworne enemy of Poeticke, Musicke, and all ingenious Arts, but a great friend to murmuring, libelling, and all seeds of discord, attended by his factious followers; all which was exprest by their habits and dance.

After these was an entry of three Indians of quality, of Indamora's traine in severall strange habits, and their dance as strange,

A Persian Page comes leaping in.

**HEY ! hey ! how light I am ? all soule within ?
As my dull flesh, were melted through my skinner ?
And though a Page, when landed on this shore,
I now am growne a briske Ambassadour !**

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From Persian Princes too, and each as fierce
A Lover, as did ever sigh in verse!
Give audience then, you Ladies of this Ile!
Lord how you lift your fannes up now, and smile!
To thinke (forsooth) they are so fond to take
So long a journey for your beauties sake!
For know, th'are come! but sure, e're they returne,
Will give your femallships some cause to mourne!
For I must tell you, that about them all
There's not one graine, but what's Platonicall!
So bashfull that I thinke they might be drawne
(Like you) to weare close Hoods, or vailes of Lawne.
My Master is the chiefe that doth protect,
Or (as some say) misse-lead this preccise sect:
One heretofore that wisely could confute
A Lady at her window with his Lute.
There devoutly in a cold morning stand
Two howres, praying the Inow of her white hand
So long, 'till's words were frozen 'twene his lips,
And's Lute-strings learnt their quav'ring from his hips.
And when he could not rule her to's intent,
Like *Tarquin* he would proffer ravishment.
But now, no feare of Rapes, untill he find
A maydenhead belonging to the mind.
The rest are all so modest too, and pure,
So virginly, so coy, and so demure,
That they retreat at kissing, and but name
Hymen, or Love, they blush for very shame!
Ladies! I must needs laugh! you'll give me leave
I hope; and 'tis to thinke how you deceive
Your selves with all this precious art, and care
Tane in your glasse to dresse your lookes, and haire!

When

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When (in good faith!) they heed no outward merit,
But fervently resolve to wooe the Spirit!
Hah! doe you all looke melancholy now?
And cast a Cloud of anger o're the brow?
'Tis time to flye, and my best swiftnesse use,
Lest kill'd with pinnes, and Bodkins for my newes.

The Page retires, and the Noble Persian youths
make their entry, apparelled in Asian Coats of Sea-
greene embroidered that reached downe above
their knees, with buttons and loops before and cut
up square to their hips, and returned downe with two
short skirts; the sleeves of this Coat were large with-
out seame, and cut short to the bending of the Arme, and
hanging downe long behinde, trimm'd with buttons as
those of the breast; out of this came a sleeve of white
Sattin embroidered, and the Basis answerable to the
sleeve, hung downe in gathering underneath the shortest
part of their Coat; on their heads they wore Persian
Turbants silver'd underneath, and wound about with
white Cypresse, and one fall of a white feather before.

Their Dance ended, the mist and Clouds at an in-
stant disappare, and the Sceane is all changed into a
Sea somewhat calme, where the billowes moving
sometimes whole, and sometimes breaking, beat gent-
ly on the land, which represented a new and strange
prospect; the nearest part was broken grounds and
Rockes, with a mountainous Countrey, but of a plea-
sant Aspect, in which were trees of strange forme and
Colour, and here and there were placed in the bottom
severall Arbors like Cottages, and strange beasts and
birds, farre unlike the Countrey of these parts, expres-
sing an Indian Landschape. In the Sea were severall I-
lands,

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lands, and a farre off a Continent terminating with the
Horizon.

Out of a Creeke came waving forth a Barque of a
gracious Antique designe, adorn'd with Sculpture fini-
shing in Serowles, that on the poope had for Ornament
a great Masque head of a Sea-god; and all the rest en-
rich'd with embost worke touch'd with silver and
gold. In the midst of this Barque sate *Orpheus* with his
Harpe, he wore a white robe girt, on his shoulders was
(tyed with a knot) a mantle of Carnation, and his head
crowned with a lawrell garland: with him, other per-
sons in habits of Sea-men as pilots and guiders of the
Barque, he playing one straine was answered with the
voyces and instruments of the *Brachmani* joyn'd with
the Priests of the Temple of Love, in extravagant ha-
bits sorting to their titles: whilst this Barque moved
gently on the Sea, heaving and setting, and sometimes
rowing, arrived neare to the further shore, it turn'd and
return'd to the port from whence it came.

The Song of the *Brachmani*, in answer to *Orpheus* his Harpe,

(1.)

Hearke! *Orpheus* is a Sea-man growne,
No winds of late have rudely blowne,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance!
His Harpe hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconcild,
The waves are sooth'd into a dance.

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See how the lifesting Dolphins play,
And willingly mistake their way,
As when they heard Arions strains,
Whom once their scaly Ancestor,
Convey'd upon his backe to shore,
And took his musick for his paines.

(3.)

Wee Priests that burne Loves Sacrifice,
Our Orpheus greet with ravish'd eyes;
For by this calmenesse we are sure,
His Harpe doth now prepare the way,
That Indamora's voyage may
Be more delightfull, and secure.

(4.)

And now th' enchanted mists shall cleare,
And Loves true Temple straight appeare,
(Long hid from men by sacred power,
Where Noble Virgins still shall meet,
And breath their Orizons, more sweet
Than is the Springs ungather'd flower.

The Barque having taken port, the Masquers appeare
in a Maritime Chariot made of a spungie Rockstufte
mixt with Shells, Sea-weeds, Corrall, and Pearle, borne
upon an Axletree with golden wheels without a rime
with flat spokes like the blade of an Ore coming
out of the Naves. This Chariot was drawne by Sea-
monsters, and floated with a sweet motion in the Sea.

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Indamora Queene of Narfinga late enthron'd in the highest part of this Chariot, in a rich seat, the backe of which was a great Skallop Shell. The habit of the Masquers was of Isabella Colour, and Watchet, with Bases in large paines cut through, all over richly embroyder'd with silver, and the dressing of their heads was of silver, with small falls of white feathers tipp'd with Watchet. This sight thus moving on the water, was accompanied with the musicke and voyces of the *Chorus*.

(1.)

SHe comes! each Princeesse in her traine hath all
That wise enamor'd Poets, beauty call!

So fit and ready to subdue:

That had they not kind hearts which take a care
To free, and counsell, whom their eyes ensnare,
Poore Lovers would have cause to rue.

(2.)

More welcome than the wandering Sea-mans starre,
When in the Night the Winds make causelesse warre,
Untill his Barque so long is tost,

That's sayles toraggies are blowne, the Maine-yard beares
Not sheet enough to wipe, and dry those teares

He shoud so see his Rudder lost.

The Song ended, all the forepart of the Sea was in an instant turn'd to dry land, and *Indamora* with her Contributory Ladies descended into the roome, and made their entry. Then for enterme dium the Musicke began againe, and sung this Song.

The

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The Song.

(1.)

THe Planets thought they move so fast,
Have power to make their swiftnesse last,
But see, your strength is quickly gone!
Yet move by sense and rules of Art,
And each hath an immortall part,
Which cannot tire, but they have none.

(2.)

Let then your soft, and nimble feet
Lead and in various figures meet
Those stranger Knights, who though they came
Seduc'd at first by false desire,
You'll kindle in their breasts a fire
Shall keepe Love warme, yet not enflame.

(3.)

At first they were your beauties prize,
Now offer willing sacrifice
Vnto the Vertues of the minde,
And each shall weare when they depart,
A lawfull though a loving heart,
And wish you still both strict and kinde.

The Masquers having a while reposed, danced their second Dance, which ended, and the Queene being seated under the State by the King, the Sceane was changed into the true Temple of Chast Love; this Temple instead of Columnes had termes of young Satyrs bearing

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ring up the returns of Architrave Freeze and Cornice, all enrich'd of Gold-smiths worke, the further part of the Temple running farre from the eye was design'd of another kind of Architecture, with Pillasters, Neeches, and Statues; and in the midst a stately gate adorn'd with Colomns and their Ornaments, and a Frontispice on the top, all which seemed to bee of burnish'd gold. Into this Temple enters *Sunesis* and *Thelema*; *Sunesis* a man of a noble Aspect, and richly attir'd; his garment of Cloth of gold reaching downe below his knees, and girt with a tucke at the waist, with wide sleeves turn'd up; his mantle of Watchet fastned on both shoulders, and hanging downe long behind, a garland of Sinope on his head, with a flame of fire issuing out of it, his Buskins were yellow, wrought with gold. *Thelema* a young woman in a Robe of changeable silke girt with severall tuckes, under her breast, and beneath her waist, and great leaves of silver about her shoulders hanging downe to the midst of her Arme; upon her head a garland of great Marigolds, and puffs of silver'd Lawne betweene. And at her shoulders were Angels wings, these sung this Dialogue, assisted by the *Chori*.

The Song.

Sunesis and Thelema.

Sunesis.

Come melt thy soule in mine, that when unite,
We may become one virtuous appetite.

Thelema.

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Thelema.

*First breath thine into me, thine is the part
More heavenly, and doth more adorne the heart.*

Both.

*Thus mix'd, our love will ever be discreet,
And all our thoughts and actions pure,
When perfect Will, and strengthened Reason meet,
Then Love's created to endure.*

Chorus.

*Were Heaven more distant from us, we would strive
To reach't with Pray'rs to make this Union thrive.*

Whilst this Song continued, there came softly downe from the highest part of the heaven a bright and transparent Cloud, which being come to the middle part of the Ayre it opened, and out of it came *Amianteros*, or Chast Love flying downe, clad all in Carnation and White, and two garlands of Laurell in one hand, and crown'd with another of the same; whilst he descended the Cloud closeth againe and returnes upwards, and is hidden in the heavens; Chast Love being come downe to the earth, was accompanied by *Sunesis* and *Thelema*, *Divine Poesie*, *Orpheus*, and the rest of the Poets up to the State, the great *Chorus* following at a distance, where they sung this Song.

The Song.

Amianteros, or Chast Love.

(1.)
V *Whilst by a mixture thus made one,*
V *I am the Embleme of my Deitie,*

D

And

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And now you may in yonder Throne,
The patterne of your Union see.

(2.)

Softly as fruitfull showres I fall,
And th' undiscern'd increase I bring,
Is of more precious worth than all
A plenteous Summer payes a Spring.

(3.)

The benefit it doth impart,
Will not the barren earth improve,
But fructifie each barren heart,
And give eternall growth to Love.

Sunefis.

To CHARLES the mightiest and the best,
And to the Darling of his breast,
(Who rule b' example as by power)
May youthfull blessings still increase,
And in their Off-spring never cease,
Till Time's too old to last an hower.

Chorus.

These wishes are so well deserv'd by thee,
And thought so modest too by Destinie,
That heaven hath seal'd the grant as a Decree.

After which they all retire to the Sceane, and Indu-
mora and her Ladies beginne the Revels with the King
and the Lords, which continue the most part of the
night. Thus ended this Masque which for the newnesse
of

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of the invention, variety of Scenes, Apparitions, and richness of habits was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that hath beene done in England.

The Masquers Names.

The Queenes Majesty.

Lady Marquess Hamilton.

Lady Mary Herbert.

Countesse of Oxford.

Countesse of Berkshire.

Countesse of Carnarvan.

Countesse of Newport.

Lady Herbert.

Lady Katherine Howard

Lady Anne Carre.

Lady Elizabeth Feilding

Lady Thimbleby.

Mistris Dorothy Savage.

Mistris Victorie Cary.

Mistris Nevill.

The Lords and others that presented the Noble Persian Youths.

The Duke of Lenox.

Earle of Newport.

Earle of Desmond.

Viscount Grandeson.

Lord Russell.

Lord Doncaster.

Master Thomas Weston.

Master George Goring.

Master Henry Murrey.

F. J. N. J. S.